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CLINTON MALE ACADEMY.

THE NEXT SESSION OF THIS SCHOOL WILL begin Jan. 10th, 1870, and continue twenty weeks. Board from \$10 to \$12 per month. Tuition \$17 per month. Contingents \$50 cents. No deduction unless in cases of protracted sickness. Pupils will find it to their interest to enter on the first day of the session.

GRADY & MOLEND, 63-65 & 67

From the New York Journal of Commerce, Jan. 4. The Byron scandal. Mrs. Stowe's New Book.

The Stowe-Byron controversy is one of those widely-discussed, notorious things, some allusion to which can hardly be avoided in a newspaper. In performing our unpleasant duty of referring to this subject again, we shall not withhold from Mrs. Stowe the censure which is hers for omitting the ugly truth once more upon public notice. All that Mrs. Stowe says in the new book, whose proof-sheets are now before us, she could have said and should have said, when she spoke at all, in her first Atlantic paper, so that her entire charge against the memory of Lord Byron might have been before the world at one time, and in a brief compass, and promptly confirmed, or refuted, or relegated to the limbo of forgotten sensations. Her present venture looks like a piece of professional book-making, of which the Atlantic article was the first and successful advertisement in advance. "Professional book-making" is the exact phrase for this piece of literary patchwork and padding. It bears every appearance of having been written to sell—to take advantage, we mean, of the still lingering desire to know of the shocking story which rang through the cheap and unscrupulous press, and to profit by that love of indecent scandal which the purveyor of the day finds so much gain in catering to. It consists of 482 lines, pages, and proves, upon analysis, to be only a hammering out of the scanty data contained in the Atlantic paper (which also appeared in full), a reprint and an elaboration of some of the facts and arguments offered in defence of Lord Byron, a prodigiously tiresome effort to prove from passages in his works that he was too good to commit incest, a few of Byron's poems bearing on his unhappy marriage, and about a dozen pages of matter that may be called new, though it is only an elaboration of the old, and a repetition of the old, still vague and unsatisfactory, of Mrs. Stowe's previous report of Lady Byron's statement to her.

Not a particle of direct proof of the alleged crime is adduced. The gist of the matter, as newly dressed up, is this: That Mrs. Byron told Mrs. Stowe that Lord Byron, in her presence, (or Lord Byron) threatened his sister with a liberty which both shocked and astonished her, and that in conversations with his wife subsequently, Lord Byron "boldly avowed the connection (with his sister) as having existed in time past and as about to exist in the future." She does not say that Mrs. Leigh, in time to come, and implied that she must submit to it. Lady Byron did not say that she was a witness of any actual guilt on the part of her husband, nor that she saw evidence of it, nor that she had a scrap of writing or any testimony whatever (other than Byron's own) going to confirm it. She does not say that Lord Byron confessed her participation in the imputed crime. So much for the "hour of revelation" which Mrs. Stowe hinted at so melodramatically in her Atlantic paper. The "child born with the curse of sin on it" marks an equally shadowy figure in this book. Here is all that Mrs. Stowe has to say on this important topic, and we call the reader's particular attention to the evident desire of Lady Byron and Mrs. Stowe to shirk the responsibility of charging that there was an offspring of the alleged incest.

Was there a child? I had been told by Mrs. Stowe that there was a daughter who had lived some years.

She said there was one, a daughter, who made her friends much trouble, being of a very difficult nature to manage. I had understood that at one time this daughter had escaped from her friends to the Continent, and that Lady Byron assisted in efforts to recover her. Or Lady Byron's kindness both to Mrs. Leigh and the child, I had been heard from Mrs. Stowe.

This is evasive and quibbling. The fact that Mrs. Stowe dodges the direct accusation and gives no name to the woman who told her "what there was a daughter," is a good sign, and shows that she is not so quick to believe her insinuation to be true, though she is none the less willing to make it. A curious discrepancy drops out into Mrs. Stowe's new version of her conversation with Lady Byron. It is this: Lady Byron says that she should be removed from the house before marriage, Lord Byron faintly avows and attributes his emotion to "fear of detection" of the incest, and yet, a few pages further on, we find her declaring that she freely acknowledged the crime to her (of which she had no other proof), boasted of it, and insisted that the whole case, as now made out, if we are to believe both Mrs. Stowe and her heroine, rests on the assertion of Lord Byron of his own guilt. But there is an abundance of testimony on record that Lord Byron was addicted to the habit of pretending to have committed the most monstrous offenses against God and man, of which he was known to be perfectly innocent; and his defenders may well insist that his reported confession to Lady Byron was only another instance of his bantering, quizzical, self-accusatory humor.

With these few remarks we drop the Stowe-Byron controversy, trusting that we shall not be called upon to touch it again.

From the London News, December 18. English Report of the Empress in Paris.

"Plotting" against the Country.

The Empress Eugenie has returned home from a new Egypt to a new France. In that Eastern land she personified with indelible grace and charm the dearest and most delicate civilization of Western Europe. Wherever she appeared her gracious presence was hailed as the happiest of auguries and her winning smile as the sweetest of benedictions upon the God and man, of which the world was in need.

To what ill chance must we attribute the sacrifice of this estimable advantage? How happens it that this lady, exempt by birth, and by her earlier fortunes, from the perils and bitter isolation of one born in the purple and on the steps of a throne, a French woman by adoption, and what is better—a sovereign only by accident—comes back to the capital of her husband's empire to find herself assailed by angry suspicions, by injurious rumors and sullen looks?

Something of this ominous and ill-starred reception may be charged to the prevailing and increasing public dissatisfaction and political mistrust; to the reviving republican and revolutionary spirit; to the general irritation at the vacillating insincerity and uncertainty of the governing will to the vehement denunciations by an implacable press, of the prodigality of the Court.

the enormity of the budget, the pressure of taxation; to the reaction of disgust at the high living and wasteful social luxury of the last eighteen years, reacting to austere malcontents the excesses of the ancient monarchy. Yet in all this there is nothing that should affect the popularity of a gentle lady, who had no lot or part in an "inexplicable" usurpation; who was unknown out of private society, when the republic was established, and who, according to the express terms of the message by which the Emperor announced his marriage, was chosen from a private station, on account of her personal qualities, and not from any dynastic motives or "reasons of State."

Poor Marie Antoinette, it is now an historic certainty, was compelled by fear and anger to plot against her adopted country and the revolution. But why was she, a pure and proud woman, assailed with the most abominable insults, and why were all her most innocent gaieties turned to four calamities by the popular rage before she was ever suspected of Austrian conspiracies? For no other reason than that the king was notoriously a firm of purpose, and here was the highest spirit and the stronger will; and to her, therefore was attributed every counter-revolutionary manifesto and maneuver, every sign and symptom of resistance and reaction. Hence the murderous rancor that surrounded her, the once radiant and unhappy Dauphine of youthful years, who had become "the Austrian woman," the enemy of patriots and of the public liberties, and that pursued her to her death. The Empress Eugenie is known to cherish with the fondness of an almost superstitious devotion every relic and memorial of that martyred Queen.

There is, of course, nothing in common between the daughters of Emperors and this wife of an Emperor, except a palace, a throne and the revolution. Tragic examples possess sometimes a morbid fascination for frivolous natures; for noble minds they are solemn admonitions. The Empress Eugenie has many sincere personal well-wishers on this side of the channel, who caring nothing for the second Empire, but very much for the happiness and freedom of France, are concerned to hear that the funds fell on the return of the Empress to Paris, and that her influence to which the Mexican expedition and the second occupation of Rome had already been ascribed, is held responsible for all the difficulties and delays which prevent the restoration of Parliamentary Government and ministerial responsibility. It is a most cruel weakness that takes shelter behind a woman's generous infatuation. It is this weakness that can only prove fatal to a dynasty, for the nation, at all events, is sure to survive it.

A Triple Murder at Sleepy Hollow. By telegraph a meagre statement of the fact that a triple murder was committed at Tarrytown, N. Y., on the 1st of January, has been given. The New York Sun, of Monday contains the following particulars of the affair, telegraphed the day after the horrid tragedy was enacted:

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Buckhout, of Sleepy Hollow, near this place, shot his wife and two neighbors, a father and son, residing near by. Mr. Buckhout is a stalwart man of about fifty years, and belongs to the well-known family of that name residing in Westchester and Putnam counties. He is a farmer, residing about three miles from Tarrytown, toward Sing Sing. He has occupied the farm a number of years, and is well to do in the world. He married about seven years ago in Sing Sing, against the wishes of his friends, a girl named Mrs. Buckhout, who was a daughter of a wealthy family, and who was a native of New York. He formerly resided in Brooklyn, but in 1866 purchased a fine estate near the farm of Mr. Buckhout, where he has since lived. He was a fine looking man, fine and amiable, affable and pleasing in manner, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. He was about fifty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and two daughters. His son Charles, another of the slain, was an exemplary young man of about twenty-five years.

The scene of the tragedy is a vale of peace. Irving says of it: "I mention this peaceful spot with all possible fondness; for it is in such retired Dutch valleys found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, customs and manners are fixed. If I should wish to retreat, where I should find a peaceful world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life, I know of, no more promising than this little valley."

The scenery along the road from Tarrytown to the spot where the murders were committed is picturesque. Shut in to high hills, the way to the spot grows up the ridge way on each side, and were it not for the whistle of the locomotive near by, and the echoes from the paddle-wheels of steamers that ply the waters of the Hudson, one might well imagine himself among the wilds of the far West.

The house occupied by the Buckhouts was a comfortable habitation, which Mrs. B. by her industry and taste, had embellished and made a paradise. The residence of Mr. Randall stands a little southeast of the former, and about a quarter of a mile distant. It is very pleasantly situated on a knoll, commanding a view of the road leading from Tarrytown to Pleasantville, and is a very beautiful spot. From this elevation and near the Buckhout farmhouse, can be seen the present residence of Mr. Sherwood, who has a small place attached to the house on which is the veritable kitchen where Irving tells us, in his legend of "Sleepy Hollow," Ichabod Crane courted Katrina Van Tassel.

The peaceful beauty of the adjacent locality in spring, summer, or fall, when nature is in bloom and her songsters make the air vocal with their sweet music, and its desecration by this act of blood makes the deed one of the most terrible known to history.

So far as the cause of this terrible event is concerned, it is not believed that the true reason of it can be "criminality."

The reputation of Mr. Randall and Mrs. Buckhout forbids it; may have been jealousy, and probably "rum," but it is not known that Buckhout had the slightest cause for making himself the "hero" of such a hideous massacre.

Strange—passing strange—The range of the mind's powers; How strangely they unfold, Like leaves of flowers.

Stranger—passing stranger—What art thou that goest? This world's a wilderness of woe; Leap not, ere knowing.

An English lady has willed \$10,000 to Jefferson Davis.

A Mysterious Case of Murder and Suicide. For nearly five months past a man named George Barman, believed to be a school teacher in Brooklyn, L. I., has been in the habit of meeting a young woman at intervals in the respectable house No. 63 Eldridge street, New York, kept by a Mrs. Pauline Beck. The woman always came closely veiled, and on departing adopted the same precaution. Barman informed Mrs. Beck that he was a resident of Westchester county, and as he had been introduced to her by another frequent visitor of the house, she paid no further heed to him. On Sunday about 5 p. m., the parties met by appointment at the house, and were shown to a room on the third floor. Nothing more was heard of them until 6 p. m. At this time Mrs. Beck was at supper, and heard a loud shout of a pistol shot fired from the upper part of the house, quickly followed by another.

Mrs. Beck called on officer Mini, who was on post near by, and together they went to the door of the room occupied by Barman and the woman. The door was fastened on the inside, and the officer tapped on the door, and the woman opened it. It was at once opened by the woman, who sank back on a chair, exclaiming, "For God's sake help me, or I shall die!"

The blood was pouring in a stream from a ghastly wound in her left temple. On the floor near her lay Barman, insensible, with a pistol shot wound in the right temple. His right hand still clung to a small Smith & Wesson revolver. Before a question could be put to the woman as to the cause of the tragedy, she too fell to the floor insensible. The two dying persons were placed in a coach as soon as possible, and they were taken to the Spring street police station. Capt. Welch, finding they were so dangerously wounded at once dispatched them, in charge of Sergeant Christie, to Bellevue Hospital. The House Surgeon in charge, after a careful examination, pronounced both mortally wounded, the ball having penetrated the brain of each.

The woman died soon after being admitted, and Barman died about an hour later. From letters and memoranda found in the possession of the dead woman, it is conjectured that her name was Annie McNamara, and it is rumored that she also was a school teacher. On one of her fingers was a ring, on the inside of which was engraved "G. B. to A. B." She was apparently about twenty-four years of age, having dark hair, very lady-like in appearance, and neatly dressed in dark attire. She never addressed any of the inmates of the house in Eldridge street, and was generally accompanied there by Barman.

Barman is apparently a German, aged about thirty-five years, somewhat above the middle height, of gentlemanly appearance and good address. What was the motive that led Barman to take the life of the woman, and how far can be learned, no one saw after they rented the room until after the tragedy was committed.

An inquest will be held to-day, but, aside from establishing the identity of the victims, probably little else will be learned. The case is a most curious one, and relative to the woman, and says the only information she received with reference to Barman was from a woman, who, on seeing him enter the house on one occasion, said that he was a school teacher in Williamsburg.

Labor in the South.—Firing Heds in 1870. From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, Dec. 30.

It is remarked that not one tenth the number of field hands are seen upon the streets this Christmas as were any former years. They are getting less and less, and they are getting more and more out of the country. Thousands of them are becoming landholders upon a small scale—that is, proprietors are giving each head of a family two or three acres of ground upon which they have erected a house, fence, and are cultivating corn, raising poultry, hogs, &c. All such have no sort of disposition to leave and hunt other places. By this wise policy the freedmen are obtaining leases upon which to make future calculations—are attaching the freedmen to their possessions. This is the plan worked upon for a thousand years, and it is the same here, but will eventually take that course.

The prices paid for hands are \$150 for number one men, \$120 for number two, \$90 for women, and in that proportion for half-grown boys. In contracts upon shares one-third of the crop is given to the freedmen.

In this connection it may be remarked that, as a general rule, men who deal justly with them have little trouble obtaining a full supply. Every available hand in Georgia is in requisition. Work can be obtained without the least difficulty from honorable men, who will comply faithfully with all their obligations.

A Magnificent Aurora. From the New York Post, January 3.

Those who were fortunate enough to watch until a late hour this morning saw a celestial display which fully repaid the fatigue of the night. The sky was a deep blue, and a heavy bank of cloud in the north-west was lighted up by a great fire behind it, and began to overflow with a silvery margin of light. Short columns of white haze appeared to the north and west, and gradually extended their base around half the horizon, trembling upward towards mid-heaven, where vast columns of snow gleamed upon their summits. Soon after five o'clock the glory of the scene was at its highest, streamers shot brilliantly to the zenith, and patches of blood-red fire covered half the sky. To the first glance one started from sleep at this hour, it seemed that the city must be in flames. No perfect corona was formed in the zenith, but the flickering towers of light mingled their summits curiously there about ten minutes after five, and then the whole scene rapidly faded away.

The green and purple masses of light which in the great aurora of 1858, consumed so magnificently the gold of the horizon and with the silver streamers, were not seen this morning; but the display, as a whole, was quite equal to any since that time.

The New TARIFF BILL. A Washington Telegram says:

"As the bill has been agreed on thus far, the duty on coffee has been reduced from five to four cents per pound, and tea from twenty-five to twenty cents. An Ohio Republican member will move, when the bill is reported to the House, to reduce coffee to two and tea to ten cents per pound."

"Nothing has been decided regarding salt, but it is thought that the two classes may be reduced from twenty-four to twenty cents, and twenty to fifteen cents. There has yet been no change on sugar."

An English lady has willed \$10,000 to Jefferson Davis.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

"Well," said Ned Arlington, "for my part I have never loved but one woman, and she is now my better half."

"I tell you," replied a fellow stage coacher, "you have had an easy courtship. I was compelled to love two ladies."

"Two ladies?"

"Yes, sir, two ladies."

"But you did not love them both alike?"

"Now, stranger, there was just the trouble. I was thinking of this precise difficulty when I remarked that you had an easy courtship."

"You puzzle me," exclaimed Ned. "Suppose you relieve our minds by a rehearsal."

"It will afford me pleasure and you entertain me," rejoined the handsome and social fellow traveler.

Here we leaned forward, intent on learning how a man was compelled to love two ladies with the same degree of fervor.

"My friends," said he, "if ever you visit New Haven, Connecticut, you will hear the expressions: 'As much like as the Grover girls,' or 'this.' You can now distinguish them than you can find Sue from Hannah Grover. I say, ladies and gentlemen, when a New Englander is discussing a point of similitude, he is sure to refer to these Grover girls."

I had not been in the Elm City six weeks before I had those comparisons.

I went there intending to enter a business firm. On my arrival I stopped at the Tontine. At this hotel two gentlemen were arguing a point of law, and it was then I first heard this language. One speaker was proving that two expressions meant the same thing, and paraded the two expressions with the notorious twins.

Now there is one thing I have in common with women—that is curiosity. I own it, and I will confess that I was on notice. Never could I be appeased until I had a view of these females.

"Well," said I to the book-keeper, "are these Grover girls so very much alike?"

"Are they?" said he, in surprise. "Well, I will tell you, Mr. Miller, if you can distinguish them after a week's acquaintance, I will pay your bill at this hour, and I will give you your residence."

"How can I see them?"

"I'll tell you. Observe that bright looking gentleman with the white hat. That is Mr. Potter, one of our rising lawyers. He is intimate with the sisters. Obtain an introduction to him and he will put you through."

"Are these ladies in good standing?"

"Oh! among our first people."

"Can Mr. Potter distinguish them?"

"Never, sir, never, and he looks with the eye of a detective."

"How long has he known them?"

"Three or four years to my certain knowledge," said the book-keeper.

This determined me. I soon established myself with the lawyer by retaining him in an important case. I found him more than willing to afford an introduction, as he was anxious to see the fix their identity never failed to produce on a stranger. I will not forget that interview. My admirers, beautiful ladies of twenty entered the room. I beheld the duplicates. They dressed alike to a ribbon and a ring. Their eyes and their countenance gave no clue. Then their motions left you none the wiser.

Said Potter, "Now take a good look, for I will see if you will be able to identify them."

"Mr. Potter," said I, "you will embarrass the ladies."

"Not at all," said one.

"We are used to it," said the other. "It is the greatest amusement afforded by our resemblance."

He both spoke, but on honor, it sounded like one voice.

"Ladies," said I, "pardon me; I know you are not horses, but allow me to look at your teeth."

I desired this, deeming there would be found some little speech, some indentation or irregularity that would serve as an index. They exhibited their pearly rows, but after a minute investigation I was no better informed. I examined their finger nails, then their hands, still I had no point of distinction, and I gave it up that Sue and Hannah might forever change places without fear of detection on my part.

The ridiculous blunders of admirers were frequent. Mantuamakers, shoemakers and trades-people in general, were continually presenting Sue an account made by Hannah, or telling Hannah some thing intended only for the ears of Sue.

The beauty of the ladies impressed me. They were of one style. An acquaintance of two months demonstrated their superiority in all respects. In brief, I found myself in love—but with which one?

When tender ideas arose, I found it as natural to tender ideas, I found it, yes, I solemnly aver I was in love—I had the comical article.

Frequently took them out, yet never knew whom I had. If my lady would quote Sue, I thought it clear I had Hannah, or if Hannah was mentioned I believed I was hearing Sue. Indeed it was a mere matter of faith. There was no evidence, for one palmed herself off on me as the other. This was a chronic dodge of the old variety, and I was not to be deceived by convenience and insure rest. As far as these gallants were concerned, it was immaterial, although one might be called by name, the other would do just as well, no one being able to detect the difference.

I often implored them to contradict themselves by some article of apparel or jewelry. "That would spoil their fun," they would say, though I meditated some terrible affliction.

As I have told you, I was in love. I felt that my happiness depended upon the possession of one of these twins. But for whom should I ask the parents? Honestly, it was no matter which one I had, as affection could make no choice. One lovely eve in September, one sister was from home. Now, thought I, this is a surety that I can talk to one for a whole evening. As she entered the parlor, said I, "How do you do, Miss Hannah?"

"You are mistaken, sir; it is Miss Sue," she replied.

"Are you hummingbug?" I asked.

"Truly not. I tell you sincerely you now address Sue Grover."

I saw she looked unusually tender, and taking the advantage of her faltering voice and tremulous manner, I declared my love, and she returned it with all the ardor her true impassioned nature. I summoned the old folks; told our devotion, gave prospects, and made all essential arrangements. The senior Grovers gave us their blessings, and assured us they would see our course of true love should "run smooth."

But what if that other girl should come in? What a pretty mix! How should I ever know my girl? Though I again assure you it would have made no difference,

I would have proposed to Hannah just the same. My only trouble was in the multitude of eubrassements incident to non-distinction. On this ground I had a genuine trouble.

Before Hannah returned I invited Sue to take a walk on the green. When opposite the centre of the Church I spoke of the betrothal ring, and asked her to please let me see the ring she wore. She took it off, and I carefully played with it to throw her off her guard—then calling her attention to the next day's students, took my compass and drew my file blade through the inner part. I left a nice mark, and by this I hoped to identify her in future. On our return to the house I secretly posted her parents. They said I did properly—that it was time Sue should be recognized by her fiancé.

"You think you are smart," said she.

"Why?" I replied.

"Oh!" responded she, "that ring game has been tried by half a dozen admirers. I suspected what you were at, but I thought I would see how many heads would conceive the same plan."

"Now, I am sure," she said, "nor her sister wore a ring. One week after they resumed them, but in neither was there a mark. It was evident that I was about to be out-generated, and would have to depend on the discretion of my intended and the goodness of her parents."

At parties I had several trials. I never knew when I took home; would talk a flood of love to the wrong girl and received a laugh for my enthusiasm.

"Hang it," said I, "the cream of the joke is I can't be revenged, for I might hurt the wrong lady."

The betrothal ring was given. Now, said there is a termination to my distress. Well, it did terminate in just twenty-four hours. Hannah took Sue's ring, went to a jewelry store and ordered one precisely like it, bearing the inscription. Moreover she charged him to see that the engraving was counterfeited, and not recognized.

"I know," said I, "I do. Had Sue been willing I could have schemed forty devices. But she relished the dish and would never co-operate. Wedding day came. I must take a young lady on the word of herself or parents. 'Well,' said I mentally, 'so I get one of the girls my object was to obtain. The ceremony was performed before an immense throng in the largest church in the city. The bridal dress fortunately enabled me to adhere to one. Congratulations being over, my bride and I journeyed to Niagara and inspected several Canadian cities and towns."

"Sue," said I, "lovingly to my wife, 'Sue, darling, I will know you now.'"

"How?" said she.

"By that diamond ring," replied I.

"Don't be too sure, Clarence."

"Ah!" laughed I, "Hannah will not annoy me any further."

But alas for our earthly hopes. My beloved told her sister the name of the New York importer, and on our return a small hand was offered, on which was a facsimile of the bridal gift. She went to her room and attired herself in one of the twin garbs, I was again unable to recognize my own wife.

Now ladies and gentlemen, business suddenly called me to New Orleans. While there my treasure died. I was grieved, yet from the fact that Hannah lived my agony was but temporary. I returned two weeks after the funeral. My sister-in-law wore neither betrothal nor bridal rings. There was nothing to be gained by it, and they were laid aside.

My friends, I am extremely sensitive; a mere child; yet believe me when I tell you that the presence of Hannah was a perfect and speedy restorative. It was impossible for me to weep. Was she not the same Sue in all respects? True, when I saw the family sad, I was troubled, but only on account of their grief. I had none of my own. All that I loved was an exact duplicate, and that moved before me as of yore. Yes, I confess that no husband ever suffered less.

In eighteen months I stood in the same church and it seemed as before the same concourse. As Hannah was given to me in the holy state of matrimony, it appeared that I was acting a farce, and remarrying my own wife.

The Cuban Privateer in Charleston Harbor.—She is Seized by United States Authorities.

New York, January 6.—A special dispatch from Washington to-day says that the schooner "Cuban," a privateer, was seized yesterday, and was reported to the Spanish Minister to be the Cuban privateer Anna, fitted with men; among them a portion of the crew of the Hornet. It is stated that a United States revenue cutter has been sent down from Charleston, with the United States Marshal on board, to overhaul her.

CHILDS, January 6.—The steam yacht Anna, Capt. Sommers, from New York, for Nassau, N. P., put in this port on Tuesday, under a stress of weather to obtain coal. While lying in the stream she was visited by the custom house authorities, and on complaint of the Spanish Consul, she was detained on the ground of neutrality laws, she was seized by the United States Marshal and detained. Her passengers and crew were mostly Cubans.

Colonel W. C. Ryan, the Cuban filibuster, and a son of General Céspedes were among the forwarding. On Wednesday the Anna was brought to the Government wharf, and was taken possession of by two United States army officers and twenty-five privateers, who disbanded the ship's company, the passengers and most of the crew taking rooms at a hotel to await the disposition of the vessel. There was no arms on board, and the Anna was a regular clearance papers from the Custom House of New York. Her passengers had engaged passage to Nassau and allege that they were entirely unprepared to make any aggressive movements. The case will be heard in the United States Court on Friday morning.

The surgeons reports show that our armies have suffered greatly from chills and fever, which is induced by the miasma and change of climate to which they are exposed. They also find Ayer's Agree Cure an effective remedy for the distemper, and are urging the government to adopt it within the regulations. The Surgeon General hesitates because it is put up in a proprietary form. However great that convenience to the public, he prefers the physicians of the army should give their own directions for the doses. Whatever professional pride may dictate, he knows as well as we do, that Dr. Ayer's "Cure" is an almost perfect antidote for the Ague, and that the soldiers should have the benefit of it, as well as the people.—[Washington (D. C.) Correspondent.

The Sisters of the Stranger. The Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is engaged in a good and important work in the city of New York as pastor of the "Church of the Strangers," a church the name of which in the city of New York will indicate pretty clearly its character, its work and its object. In connection with this church there is an organization of Christian women—"The Sisters of the Stranger"—aided by Christian men, the object of whose work is to give help of every practicable kind to those who are strangers—money help where needed, and when there is anything in the treasury. The association cares for the sick, pious strangers in the way of employment, and obtains legal advice when needed. There is a pleasant room to which strangers are welcome every day, where they may read, talk or write. The first directress is Mrs. Dr. Deems, No. 20 East Ninth street, New York. The treasurer is Miss Sturtevant, No. 45 Bible House, to whom money and packages of clothing should be sent. The association is attainable in plan, and purpose, and needs only more means to make it of large value to every stranger in the "great city."

New York Legislature.—Repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment Ratification. ALBANY, January 5.—In the State Senate to-day Senator Tweed's resolution repealing the ratification of the fifteenth amendment by the last Legislature was, after considerable debate, adopted, the vote standing 16 to 13.

In the Assembly a resolution was introduced declaring the income tax unconstitutional, and requesting the congressional delegation to oppose its reenactment.

The Assembly's afternoon concurred with the Senate in the repeal of the ratification of the fifteenth amendment, the vote standing 65 to 56.

The New York World is telling some terrible stories of the women of Washington, in which the professional women, the lobby and their friends in Congress are the figures. Columns of details are given, but the following will suffice to show what a loathsome picture the writer has been painting:

Among the lobby women in Washington last winter was the daughter of a present U. S. Senator, whose father years ago refused to let her marry the man of her choice. She eloped with him; he deceived her by a mock marriage, he having two other wives, so-called, living; he took all her jewels, and even most of her clothing and abandoned her. She went to the bad head-long, refused all overtures to return home, and the father and daughter used to pass one another in the Capitol a year ago—she a wanton and he a Senator—and never speak. Nor did either ever betray the event to any one. He called her a dead; she consented to be dead even to him.

Another Senator's wife was a present U. S. Senator, whose father years ago refused to let her marry the man of her choice. She eloped with him; he deceived her by a mock marriage, he having two other wives, so-called, living; he took all her jewels, and even most of her clothing and abandoned her. She went to the bad head-long, refused all overtures to return home, and the father and daughter used to pass one another in the Capitol a year ago—she a wanton and he a Senator—and never speak. Nor did either ever betray the event to any one. He called her a dead; she consented to be dead even to him.

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The Governor of Colorado has called the attention of the Legislature to the expediency of passing a law conferring the right of suffrage upon women. Wyoming and Dakota have already adopted female suffrage; the motive in each case being evidently to encourage the immigration of women into those territories where the present population consists almost entirely of men.

from New York to Philadelphia in two hours.

An important meeting was held in Philadelphia last Wednesday to concert measures for building a new road, or rather for consolidating several small companies which have charters now, and opening a railway route which will bring New York within two hours' distance of Philadelphia. The scheme is in fact the long-talked-of line route between the two cities. The

which has been thoroughly surveyed, from Philadelphia through Bucks and crosses the Delaware at Yardley, and passes through Mercer, Somerset and Union counties, N. J., to Jersey City. The plan seems so feasible that at the meeting on Wednesday five thousand shares were immediately subscribed, and the Philadelphia Press asserts that behind every word and resolution of the meeting forty millions of dollars are waiting the beck of the projectors of the scheme.

Mayor Martin's Inaugural.

We publish the Inaugural Address of Mayor Martin elsewhere. It is a plain, practical address, characterized by good sense and business-like brevity, rather than by smoothness of diction. We have already announced our respect for Mayor Martin's character for honesty and capacity. His inaugural has increased that feeling. He

has not only as he appreciated the condition of affairs, but as if he meant to bring about reform. We congratulate him in having the valuable assistance of Mr. GEORGE CHADBOURN, a gentleman integrity, of capacity, of property, upon the Board of Aldermen.

If Mayor Martin's administration is overshadowed by his inaugural, our citizens will have reason for congratulation at his election. All that can be demanded of a man is the faithful and fearless performance of the solemn pledges which he has given in his official oath. Our people do not expect or desire political favors from their municipal government, but they do expect and demand economy and honesty; they do expect and demand that party interests shall be subordinate to city interests. We look to Mayor Martin to abide by the promises of his inaugural.

Used of the Fiscus.

A writer in an English magazine, Macmillan's, treating of the decline of the Roman Empire, says:

"The expense of government under Diocletian was enormous. The *pecunia*, the Latin word for money, always had become now a curse, and the people of the Empire, in the last days of the Republic, had been overwhelmed by the Government being overwhelmingly powerful, there was no limit to its power of taxation, and the army of officials, which was now growing upon their backs, and the *pecunia* had been to the people, that the *pecunia* was to be assessed during the year; whether the common schools are to be opened. They desire to see laws enacted looking to the welfare of the State. They desire immigrants invited to their borders, and capitalists induced to invest in their lands and mines and manufactories. These are important matters, which should be attended to by the General Assembly.

But we can hardly expect much earnest legislation upon these subjects. The members who compose the majority of that body act as if they thought they had been elected and were paid for the express purpose of manipulating the affairs and finances of the State with an eye single to their interests and future success of party. All legislation seems ordered by the edicts of a caucus with a view to enhance the private interests of the members and to promote the Radical party, and not for the welfare of North Carolina.

And how long this miserable farce is to continue we cannot tell. There is not a dollar in the State Treasury unappropriated. The Treasurer was barely able to pay the members before the recess, and his receipts since have not been more than his disbursements. He cannot borrow money even with the "pound of flesh" security. So we suppose our Legislature will be unable to adjourn until they can pay their board, and whether that can be done before a tax is levied and collected we are doubtful. If, however, by this means we can get rid of them, and forever overburdened as our people are, they would pay the tax most cheerfully.

We cannot promise the people of the State any benefit from the assembling of the Legislature. Fifty thousand dollars will be added to our burdens for their *per diem* alone, and who can tell how much more by appropriations, by militia expeditions, by extravagance, by fraud, by stealing, by ignorance and incompetency.

The Red River Rebellion.

Whatever might have been thought of this movement in the start, says the New York Herald, there is now little room to doubt that the settlers of the Red River region are seriously determined to resist to the bitter end the assumption of authority attempted to be exercised over them by the Dominion government. People laughed at the idea of a handful of half-breeds flinging down the gauntlet of defiance to a power like Canada, backed by its burly patron, England; but it appears there was something deeper in the thoughts

and temper of those free born residents of Rupert's land than simply offering annoyance to Governor McDougall and refusing to recognize his official character. They believed the time had come and the opportunity was offered them to tell the Canadian government that its jurisdiction had a limit, halting on the boundary of the Red River country, and that any effort to assert its claims beyond the dividing line would be met in a spirit of determined resistance. The "half-breeds" will keep their word. The revolution they have started is an accomplished fact, and its effects, it is easy to realize, will be as far-reaching as they are pregnant with the inevitable destiny of annexation.

The Dominion government must have long since discovered the blunder it has been guilty of in the thoughtless, cavalier fashion with which it dispatched McDougall to command the allegiance of these Red River people. There was something about the thing that, dull of sense as the "half-breeds" are supposed to be, they were unable to shut their eyes to the palpable imposition of the conceit, and their protest is now on what promises to be a permanent record. That the movement will tend to revolutionize Canada there is much likelihood. All the means of the Dominion and all the assistance which England could spare would be inadequate to coerce the people of Red River, because they are almost inaccessible from Canada, and an army could not be sustained there a month. The new Republic can sustain itself without difficulty, and will not be likely to take a step backward.

The success of President Grant and Secretary Boutwell as financiers has not been altogether so great as their popularity with the Radical party would have induced the people generally to have supposed. Indeed they are beginning to be considered in this regard as failures. The Chicago Times begins to think that their financial fame is fleeting, if not already fled. It says that since March the debt has been greatly reduced, and there have been confident anticipations that the reduction would continue at the rate of eight or nine millions of dollars a month, but now the news comes from Washington that the debt was lessened only three million dollars in December. The receipts from customs and internal revenue have greatly diminished, and the stringency in the money market and the stagnation in business which have caused the diminution are likely to continue the coming year. Indeed, the business troubles of the country will increase, unless Congress affords relief by providing for an increase in the volume of currency. The prosperity which has enabled the government to draw more than a million of dollars a day from the tax payers is now succeeded by a depression which has reduced the treasury receipts, under the same system of taxation, the past month, to a point which has permitted the Secretary of the Treasury to pay only about half as much on the public debt as he paid in November. If this depression should continue and increase, as now seems reasonable, the reputation of the President and Secretary Boutwell, as financiers, will go down as rapidly as they went up. They will be censured for that in which they are now wise responsible, as they have been commended for that in which they were entitled to no credit.—They had nothing to do with the modification of the whiskey and tobacco tax, which were chiefly instrumental in giving us an increase of revenue; and they will have nothing to do with the financial legislation of Congress relating to revenue this winter. Mr. Boutwell's bill for funding the public debt may be carried, but his views with regard to taxation and currency have no more influence in Congress than have those of the weakest member.

The recommendation in the President's message that the Treasury notes be repudiated, in part, by shaving them from the Treasury Department, is the only one in the message relating to finances which has attracted attention, and the scheme has been universally condemned as impracticable and dishonest. Thus the fame of Grant and Boutwell as financiers grows dim as hard times come on.

Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad.

We complete this morning the publication of our extracts from the report of Colonel R. H. Cowan, the late President of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad. We regard it as a masterly defense of the old Board of Directors in their management of the Company. The amount of work which has been accomplished in the reconstruction of the road after the devastations of the war, the progress which had been made towards its ultimate completion, and the confidence which had been restored to the credit of the Company, under all the difficulties which surrounded the President and Board of Directors, was really wonderful. We feel satisfied, after reading this Report, that the road could have been gradually completed, with more and more rapidity the further it progressed, by means of its First Mortgage Bonds, had not its credit been destroyed by subsequent legislation. In order to make this great work a political machine and to provide offices for political favorites, its progress has been retarded, and the State has increased its debt by four millions of dollars to no purpose.

Without any fault of the present officers, the credit of the Company is not so good to-day as it was a year ago, nor are its affairs as prosperous. We see no prospect for the rapid progress of the Road until the credit of the State is restored. In the meeting of the Stockholders that he would bring a single bond until they would bring a price at least three times their present value. This is proper, not only in a business point of view, but absolutely necessary for the future welfare of the Company. If the three million dollars of bonds are disposed of for less than one million of dollars, the large capital stock of the debt of the Company will, in its unfinished

condition, so burden it that bankruptcy will be inevitable. President Sloan has a work of vast importance in hand, and is surrounded by overpowering circumstances which must delay, perplex and control his management, as it did that of his successors. However much the Stockholders and the friends of the Road may deplore the condition of things which placed him in charge of its destinies, as President of the Road he is entitled to the trust, and confidence, and sympathy, and support of all its friends. Its great importance; the labor, and money, and thought, which has been expended upon it; its advanced state of completion, all appeal to our people to lend their encouragement and aid in its behalf. In the language of the President to the Stockholders in 1866, we say "This is no time for idle jealousies, or selfish schemes, or political intrigues. You have a great work to accomplish, which will require all your energy and all your intelligence. You must approach it and deal with all matters of business, or else it will result in the loss of your stock, the failure of your road, and the ruin of the country which it was intended to improve. If your officers have not discharged their duty, turn them out and replace them by men who will; but if you consent to retain them in office, do not add to the embarrassment which the lamentable results of the war have made so trying as almost to become disheartening."

Georgia. The Legislature of Georgia, under the last reconstruction dodge of President Grant and Congress, assembled at Atlanta on Monday. The scenes enacted during the partial organization on that day were the most exciting and extraordinary ever known in the organization of a legislative body in a free government. Governor Bullock appointed one J. G. W. Mills, a rank extremist and a trusty henchman of the "ring" as Secretary pro tem of the Senate. The first name on the Senate roll was that of the famous and infamous negro Aaron Alpeoria Bradley, from Savannah. This fellow Bradley was expelled from the Senate last year for criminal offenses, and since that time was concerned in the Ogeechee insurrection, and has been hiding in the North to avoid arrest. Bradley appeared when his name was called and was duly sworn in. Only two Senators were found to be ineligible, and one of these will qualify, as he refused to do so under a misapprehension of his rights.

A negro Senator, Campbell, in pursuance of a plan arranged by the white extremists, attempted to run off several Senators by offering a protest already printed against allowing them to take their seats. Much confusion ensued. Mills refused to entertain any motion made by Democrats, who made strenuous efforts to prevent the reception of the protest, but were invariably overruled. Senator Chandler rose and denounced Mills for his partisan conduct. Mills ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest Chandler, and a scene of most intense excitement ensued. By the interference of Senators the arrest was not made and order restored.

The Senate was then organized, by the election of Benjamin Conley as President, the old incumbent, and Mills as Secretary, both Radical extremists. The Democrats made no efforts to defeat these candidates. In the House the excitement was even greater. Bullock appointed "Yankee" Harris, the State Road Superintendent, to act as Clerk and "Ring-Master." Here, as in the Senate, the extremists had gotten up a printed protest against allowing several Democratic members to take their seats. When the protest was presented, Harris ordered Attorney General Farrow's opinion on the subject to be read. Mr. J. E. Bryant, Republican, opposed the reading. Harris immediately ordered his arrest. Young Blodgett, son of the perjurer, Foster Blodgett, volunteered his assistance in making the arrest. When the Sergeant-at-Arms and Blodgett stepped forward to take Bryant into custody, a scene of the wildest excitement and confusion commenced, and the House was quickly transformed into another pandemonium. Bryant resisted arrest, and pistols were drawn. The Democratic members rushed to the assistance of this fearless Republican and prevented the arrest.

Bryant then obtained the floor and denounced Harris roundly, denying his right to organize the House. He nominated Mr. J. H. Caldwell to preside over the House until an organization was perfected. The motion was put and carried. Harris refused to vacate his seat, and the excitement beginning to increase, Caldwell became alarmed and declined to serve.

A member then nominated Bryant as Speaker pro tem, and the motion prevailed. On motion Bryant appointed a Committee of three to wait on General Terry to know if Harris had any authority to organize the House and read Farrow's opinion on the eligibility of members. During the absence of this Committee, Harris still refusing to vacate, occupied the Speaker's chair, whilst Bryant sat upon the top of a table and presided over the House. General Terry decided that Harris had no power to organize the House, but had no right to have Farrow's opinion read. Bryant at once yielded his post, and the call of members proceeded. Before it was completed the House adjourned.

At latest accounts the greatest excitement prevailed in Atlanta, and violence was threatened by the extremists. The Democrats hold themselves aloof, but will support Bryant and the Conservative Republicans.

Such is the situation and the scenes enacted in the organization of the Legislature of Georgia. We have given these particulars from the telegraphic report of the Augusta Chronicle, to show to what a condition Radical legislation has brought this great State. The most peaceful and prosperous of the Southern States, Georgia bids fair to become the most lawless and disturbed. We shall look on the contest between Bullock and his legions of fellow-seceders and the good people of the State with interest, trusting that the State may be saved from the fate to which Grant and Congress would commit her.

Professor Miles on System in Farming. Professor Miles, of the Michigan Agricultural College, delivered the annual address at the late Calhoun County (Mich.) Fair. A friend sends us a copy, and we find, upon perusing it, that it is so replete with sound sense and practical suggestions that we shall give our readers the benefit of some of it. Speaking of farming generally, he says:

"Thoroughness in all farm operations is essential to the highest success, but this cannot be readily attained where labor is dear without the aid of machinery. Does not, then, the great gain in the use of improved implements consist, in the main, in a saving of time that can be profitably expended, not only in the more thorough performance of the work in hand, but in other directions where an ample return may be reasonably expected?"

If required to point out the great defect of American husbandry, I should unhesitatingly reply, want of system. By this I mean the lack of attention to the relations existing between the various departments of farm economy. Each operation on the farm and each department of its management should be conducted with reference to its influence on every other department and interest, in accordance with a definite plan, extending through a series of years. The aggregate of results should be considered rather than numerous special interests that are entirely disconnected and have nothing in common.

The farm is a manufactory—the soil a machine for converting mineral and decaying organic substances into vegetable products. Unlike other machines, a portion of the material for the manufacture of its products constitutes a part and parcel of the machine itself, that cannot be diminished without involving a positive loss of power and efficiency.

Here, as in the use of other machines, it is necessary to furnish an abundant supply of the raw material, or the manufactured article cannot be produced. In other words, the vegetable products of the farm are obtained at the expense of the elements of fertility in the soil, where the universally prevailing law of compensation requires an equivalent return to be made to maintain its productiveness.

If the hay and grain raised upon the farm are all sold off, a portion of the soil goes with them, and the farm is by so much diminished in value.

To prevent this enormous waste, other machinery, in the shape of live stock, is provided to convert the vegetable products of the soil into a form of manure, and at the same time to return to the soil, for future use, the waste material resulting from the process.

Each set of machinery employed in this farm factory is thus furnishing raw material to be worked up by the other, and a constant circulation of materials is produced.

If we accept the law of modern philosophy, that motion is force, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the more rapid and active the circulation of matter in the machinery of the farm the greater will be the results accomplished.

A correct system of farm management involves the adjustment of this machinery so as to give the largest profit with the least possible loss, to the farm, of the elements and fertility and wealth.

In carrying into practice any consistent system, particular attention should be given to the selection of the crops, and a prominent place should be given in the rotation to those crops which, when consumed on the farm, are of greatest value in restoring the elements of fertility to the soil.

Moreover, by introducing a variety of crops in rotation, and making a judicious selection of animals to consume the crops, or valuable vegetable products, the farmer, from the variety of resources, is more sure of obtaining remunerative returns for his labor in the course of a series of years than when depending upon a single staple, which, by a decline in the market, may subject him to a serious loss.

It is not necessary, from what has already been said, that one great object in planning a system of farm economy should be to economize and make available a sufficient supply of manures to maintain, and, if possible, increase the productiveness of the soil. This is, in fact, the sheet-anchor of good husbandry.

I visited the White Mountains and saw many Yankee notions, which I should not have seen if I had not been there, and I hope to see them again.

I visited Saratoga Springs and changed my drinks, which came nearer killing me than the ride on the Erie railroad. I should have changed my drinks and soon become able to dance the lancers, and I hope the change will continue.

I visited Pennsylvania again and stopped at Lancaster, but I should not have stopped if the cars had not have stopped for a little while.

I have visited Bonner and Wilkes several times. I drove the horses, and I hope I shall drive them again.

I visited the Maryland State Fair. There I had fine horses and old rye, and I hope I shall attend again.

I have put all my relations and my wife's relations in office. They have all made more money by it.

I have received a great many presents since I was elected President, and I hope I shall be elected again.

I don't know much about the business of the country, but everybody I have appointed to office appears to have plenty of money, and I hope other people have plenty of it.

I don't know much about the gold business, but if any of you wish to know I will go and ask my wife about it.

I don't know what the people want, but they want something, and perhaps they will make you a present if you will grant it.

A Man Marries his Mother—Difficulty in Having the Marriage Solemnized. Some days ago the community in the vicinity of Carter's Station, was considerably exercised over the announcement that a Mr. Lyon, who lived in the neighborhood, had married his mother. It seems that Lyon's father had been twice married, and the children by the first wife continued to live in the family after the second marriage. Lyon, Pere, died, leaving his second wife a widow, and Lyon, Fils, married his father's widow. The Clerk issued the license without a knowledge of the facts and the minister requested to solemnize the marriage, unlike Mr. Beecher, declined; a magistrate likewise refused, and the pair crossed over the Stony Creek, where they were unknown and were married.—Bristol News.

The latest wonder reported is an "electric child" which recently died at Lyons, France, at the age of ten months. It is stated, so endowed with electricity that nobody could enter the room where it was without receiving constant electric shocks. It is stated to have passed away painlessly so far as it was concerned itself, but it is stated to have been the survivors who attended must have suffered much for it is affirmed by the doctors that at the instant of death luminous effluvia proceeded from its body and continued for several minutes after its decease. The Medical Times and Gazette, alluding to the case, says that it is supposed to be quite unprecedented in the world of science.

INAUGURATION OF MAYOR MARTIN.—Promptly at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon the new Mayor and Board of Aldermen assembled in the City Hall to enter upon the administration of the affairs of the city government for the ensuing year. The oath of office was administered to the Mayor and Aldermen elect by Judge Russell.

After the new Mayor was sworn in Mayor Neff, in a few remarks, formally retired and turned over the control of the city to his successor.

On assuming his seat Mayor Martin read the following inaugural address:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I return my most sincere thanks to my fellow-Republicans for the confidence reposed in me, in nominating and electing me to the important position of Mayor of the city of Wilmington, the duties of which I now enter upon. I ask every good citizen to aid me in the work of securing to this city such an administration of its affairs as will redound to its prosperity and the satisfaction of our people.

The Board of Aldermen, the Mayor and all other officials connected with the city government are the servants of the people—this should be borne in mind at all times. Great responsibilities rest upon us—responsibilities inseparable from the position we occupy.

The citizens of the city have a right to demand of those who are placed in situations of trust that they administer its affairs with economy, honesty and faithfulness. The taxes are heavy; the taxpayers have a right to know that every dollar they pay into the treasury is used to their best advantage and honestly disbursed. In this respect, so far as I have the power, they shall be satisfied.

While the interests of the city should not be allowed to suffer in the way of necessary improvements, it ought to be our first duty to decrease our expenditures and to require of every officer and employee of the city the same diligence and economy as if employed by a private citizen.

The million dollars, now amounting to over \$1,000,000, is a heavy burden. The principal and interest ought to be promptly paid when due. The increase of this debt for my present apparent purpose ought not to be entertained for one moment. No action has been taken to gradually extinguish our debt—this should receive our earliest attention. A sinking fund ought to be created, the funds to be so invested as to assist in the work of payment.

The credit of a city is influenced by the same causes as that of an individual. A well-administered city government, scrupulous regard for our obligations and prompt payment can only add value to our Bonds. No citizen, I am sure, will differ from me in the desire to have our credit preserved and our securities sought after at all values.

In my official capacity it will be my desire to act for the best interests of our city. I yield to no living man, in my desire to see her prosper, improved and great. If I shall make mistakes, I ask the kind indulgence of those among whom I have lived and labored for nearly the quarter of a century.

I have taken an oath "to diligently endeavor to perform faithfully and truly, according to my best skill, judgment and ability, all the duties of the office of Mayor" and to come to be executed, as "far as in my power extends, the ordinances of the city"—and, "in the discharge of my duties to do equal justice in all cases whatsoever."

Pledged, as I am, in this most solemn manner, I can only add that I intend to act in accordance therewith, faithfully and fearlessly.

Advance Copy of the President's Message. Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

As the custodian of the White House and the stables attached, and owner of valuable horses in the latter, it becomes my duty to inform you that I visited Long Branch, drove over all the roads there, and danced the lancers with Olive Logan, and I hope I shall do it again.

I rode over the Erie railroad and didn't get killed, and I hope I shall do it again.

I visited Pennsylvania in the oil regions, fished for trout out of season, and didn't get fished, and I hope I shall visit it again and catch more trout.

I visited Rhode Island, and attended a clam bake, which I should not have attended if I had not been there, and I hope I shall go there again.

I visited the White Mountains and saw many Yankee notions, which I should not have seen if I had not been there, and I hope to see them again.

I visited Saratoga Springs and changed my drinks, which came nearer killing me than the ride on the Erie railroad. I should have changed my drinks and soon become able to dance the lancers, and I hope the change will continue.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

The President and the Senate—Ohio and the Fifteenth Amendment—New Currency—New Form for Distillers—Consolidation of the Delaware and the Whiskey Monopoly—John Chinaman—The 8th of January and the Administration—Mrs. E. A. Pollard, &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, CITY, D. C., Jan. 8, 1870.

Dear Journal.—The President will send to the Senate next week a large number of nominations—diplomatic, naval, consular, military, postal, revenue and judicial—including that of Judge Strong, in the place of Mr. Stanton, on the Supreme Bench.—General Grant told a Senator yesterday that when he had once made a nomination he felt that he had nothing more to do with it, and that he did not regard the confirmation or the rejection of it by the Senate as reflecting in any way upon him. I am glad to know that the President's peace is not affected by the action of the Senate. I suppose the same philosophic spirit possesses him when his wishes and recommendations are unheeded or opposed by his Radical friends in the Congress of the country.

The Radicals are claiming that Ohio will ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. I think their "wishes are father to the thought," and, as it is pretty well settled that "doubtful things are very uncertain," we will know more of Ohio and her ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment when the vote is taken.

The New York Bank Note Printing Companies, Secretary Boutwell's special pets, are again behindhand in their work. The new legal-tender notes will not be ready for circulation for several weeks. It is thought an effort will be made this Winter to have all the printing done at Washington, as was the custom under previous Administrations. It will be a pretty big job to pass such a law against the combined influence of the Companies and their friend, the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has prescribed for the use of distillers, wholesale liquor dealers and rectifiers a new form of books, which will take the same number as the old form, 52. They can be obtained from Collectors and Assessors. Its use will be enforced on and after the 1st of February, 1870. I will, in this connection, give you an extract from a letter received from Philadelphia, written by one thoroughly conversant with the subject on which he writes. He is a rampant Radical and his estimate of Delano is correct: "The whiskey business has gone up in this place. The West has all its own way now. The whole machinery of the Revenue Department is being turned East to the advancement of the West. All the bunsby regulations issued by that ancient fossil Delano are not applied to the West, but are intended for Philadelphia almost entirely. There are only two distilleries in operation here now and they will stop. One distillery was ready to start, having complied with all the reasonable and illegal order, and when there was no other peg left to hang a hat on, permission to start was refused on the ground that fraud was suspected and this in the face of the facts of capacity being doubled, meters, storekeepers, gaugers, Assailed Assessors and detectives on the alert, and everything that ingenuity could suggest for harassing and distressing producers. Step over the Eastern boundary of Pennsylvania and presto! everything is changed. They are so honest there that the Commissioner doesn't even attach meters to their distilleries, for would not that be reflection on those worthy people and 'an' not I, the great Delano, from among them and crying they not be a voice potential crying Delano for Senator! Delano for Governor?" The fact is the old ass thinks his colossal intellect and that it has never been properly recognized by the people. As an intellect, his wisdom has decided salt meat to be a manufactory, druggists, because they use alcohol, to be liquor dealers; and the mixing of one barrel of whiskey with another, to be rectifying. Let him go up head. I see no salvation for Eastern whiskey manufacturers, except in Delano's retirement or in an absolute capacity tax, neither of which is very likely."

The above is true to the letter with regard to the whiskey monopoly, and such is the system carried on with other branches of industry, both with regard to internal revenue and tariff, until it seems to be the sole aim and end of our government to foster and protect monopolies. Delano has decided to transfer gaugers from one distillery to another, as provided in Sec. 49, act of July 20, 1868. They are to remain in charge of the distillery about three weeks when they will be relieved. The Commissioner expects great results to flow from this last idea of his.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, will introduce a bill in the Senate providing for the giving to Chinamen the civil rights of citizens of the United States. John Chinaman only asks to be put on equality with white citizens in the courts and that they may be protected in their persons and property. They never come here to be citizens, but always look forward to an arrangement for a return to China during life, or failing in that, that their bones be taken to their homes. Senator Stewart is bound to see that the Chinamen get what he don't want and has not asked for. The Senator's "buzzing is busting" with sympathy and love for every race and color, the darker the shade the greater his love. Poor Stewart, he is a restless, uneasy wight and in this case has most unblushingly stolen Sumner's thunder, as he knows Sumner is the special protector of the Asiatic as well as the African.

Very much to the general surprise, the 8th of January had no recognition from the "powers that be." Indeed the day was entirely ignored and had it not been for the patriotism of Mrs. G. A. Pollard, the proprietress of the Saint Cloud Hotel, there would have been no public celebration of this memorable day. The American Flag was thrown to the breeze on the new and beautiful flag, opposite the Masonic Temple where quite a large company assembled to do honor to the occasion. Mrs. Pollard merits praise for her thoughtfulness in not permitting "the glorious 8th" to pass over without patriotic observance. The table was most magnificently decorated with artistic devices, and the success of the *chef d'oeuvre*, the celebrated Henry Jordan, in preparation of the numberless delicacies provided, places him in the front rank of culinary monarchs, a joy to the connoisseur as well as the epicure, and as was unanimously agreed upon by the company present, Mrs. Pollard certainly can "keep it."

Delmo, the "press gag" present, I noticed Hon. T. B. Florence, Hon. Alex. Delmo, O. K. Harris of the Republican, W. M. Noah, New York Democrat, Prof. Wilcox, Intelligencer, Col. Aiken, Sunday Gazette, and Ben Beryl Poore, well known to the newspaper world. The occasion was its agreeable features will be remembered. Although it was one directed entirely of partisan feelings or purposes, it

